

MARVEL®  
15th July 89

# THE REAL

Nº57 40p

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# GHOSTBUSTERS™





**P**hew, what a corker of an issue there is for you this week! It's issue fifty-seven already, and what wonderful tales of weirdness are on offer! The stories shoot off with **Bunfight at the OK Tea Shoppe!** Ghastly goings-on at a seemingly innocent emporium of beverages. What trouble could be brewing for them? It's doubtful that it will be Peter's cup of tea – give him a West Pier pizza everytime! Yet, that's not all! No, not by a long chalk, as hot on it's trail comes a story of mythical proportions, **A Wok On The Wild Side!** Yes, more spooks from the Orient, and boy, are they angry! However, Confucius, he say, "Oooh, all wok and no pay make **Real Ghostbuster** velly angry!" The horror of it, there's even more! Winston confronts a pack of ghosts and ghouls sooo unterrifying, that he behaves totally out of character and *feints!* All this and more in issue fifty-seven of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** – dare you read on?

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## A WOK ON THE WILD SIDE!

A RESTAURANT  
IN CHINATOWN...

I'LL HAVE A  
LOPSANG SCHUZHAN  
DING BAT, IN FRIED  
RICE...

...AND I'LL  
HAVE THE  
ROAST PONG  
AND CHIPS  
PLEASE!

FANK  
YOU!

THIS IS MY  
FAVOURITE  
EATING  
PLACE...  
IT'S SO  
AUTHENTIC!

OH YES, SO  
ORIENTAL!



HI YA!

LOOK! AN  
ORIGINAL  
CHINESE  
GOD! HOW  
QUIANT!

YES! AND  
DOESN'T HE  
LOOK REAL!

AGGHHHH!

HA! HA!  
CUT PRICE  
TABLE  
TO-NIGHT!

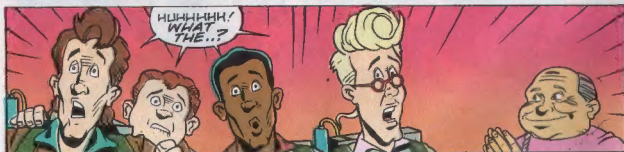
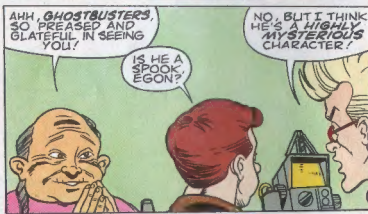
YARGHHHH!

GHOSTBUSTERSSSS!  
HELLPPPP!













**IT'S A  
SCREAM!**



**IT'S  
WICKED!** <sup>TM</sup>

24 PAGES • EVERY WEEK • FROM MARVEL • ON SALE NOW!



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

We've been running into a lot of spooks from the Orient recently, so Ray and I did some background research and turned up some very interesting new additions to the Ghostbusters Phantom Catalogue. Most were found in the works of an eight century Chinese scribe, Eek Boo, a sort of oriental Tobin.



### SPIRITS OF THE EAST

#### HI WOOSH

Eek Boo describes this as the *Dragon of the East Wind*, and says it takes the form of a massive dragon-like beast similar to those represented in the Chinese New Year celebrations. It is the ghost of 'Not being able to stand up properly in a gale'. Eek Boo says the best defence against the attacks of Hi Woosh is to lay on the floor and hold onto something that's bolted down.

#### TOO FAR CHOP

This Class seven demon takes the form of a massive samurai warrior and appears only at mealtimes. It is the revenant phantom responsible for punishing those who go to Chinese restaurants and order more food than they are capable of eating or paying for. Peter has encountered this phantom nine times in the last month alone.

## PART 57

#### LO FAT SIT

Eek Boo describes this ghost as an immense, smiling Panda who materialises and eats bamboo shoots at you in a fairly unthreatening manner. Eek Boo says that there's nothing to worry about as far as Lo Fat Sit goes, unless:

- a) You're a bamboo shoot.
- b) You own a lot of bamboo shoots that you're especially fond of.
- c) You have a lot of delicate furniture that won't take 400lbs of downwards pressure.

#### TUF LUK

This is the spirit of the egg noodle, who appears from time to time to complain that, as there's a year for

the Rat, Cat, Dog, Dragon etc, why can't there be a year for egg noodles? Even Eek Boo didn't have an answer to that one.

#### MY SHOOT GON

This sad and plaintive spirit appears some time after the manifestation of Lo Fat Sit (q.v.) and complains about his lovely bamboo shoots. He is obviously the ghost of a successful bamboo shoot farmer who encountered Lo Fat Sit sometime in the past.


#### CONFUCION

This is the ghost of an ancient chinese philosopher who appears once in a while and says deep things like 'a stitch in time gathers no moss' and 'people who live in glass houses should pull the blinds down before undressing', and 'flattened grandfather make excellent kite', and 'Man who coughs loudly in quiet library should expect to blush a lot when people turn round and say "shhhh" to him'. No one knows why, although it is likely that Confucion was pretty unsuccessful when alive and is still practising today. See Ho Lee Kow's book *'Ironing board made of feathers makes lousy paperweight': The Collected and Illustrated Wisdom of Confucion* (Jobplot and Tatty, \$19.99 text extra).

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and NICK ABADZIS

*Friday, 7th of July 1989*

I'd had a very busy day. A giant Raspberry Ripple had tried to bury a shopping mall in the Bronx in ectoplasmic ice cream, and even with Slimer's help eating, it had taken hours to clean up the mess it had left. As it was, I didn't get back to Ghostbusters HQ until after 12 midnight, and I was pretty tired. Slimer's ectoplasmic eating abilities must have been drained too, because he just crawled off into a corner and went to what he called "sleepeweeps."



"Glad you're back," snapped Janine as I dropped a raspberry smelling ghost trap on her desk. "Got a call from Hackensack in New Jersey at around 9.00pm. The local residents around one Hawthorth Mansions are complaining about spectral moanings and mysterious screechings emanating from same."

"Can't Peter or Ray handle this?" I asked, hopefully, trying to yawn.

"They just flew out to deal with a Giant Wombat in Tasmania," Janine drawled, unenthusiastically.

"What about Egon? I'm pretty tired, you know?" Janine picked up a piece of ectoplasm covered note paper and proceeded to read from it. "Dear Janine," she read, in a passable impersonation of Egon's most scientific voice,

"Discovered a wormhole between dimensions in my second pair of boots. Am investigating. Sorry I can't make our date at the opera." Janine took off her glasses and glared upwards, ripping the note in two. "I found that plastered to the door of his laboratory at 7.00pm. He's not back yet, and if he was he's very quiet."

"Well, you know Egon," I replied, "Immersed in his work. He'll be back."

"He'd better be," Janine snarled. "Those opera tickets cost me nearly \$100. If he doesn't make up for it with a good dinner without mentioning spores of mushrooms once I'll stuff him in his boots for good!"

I beat a hasty retreat for Hackensack. Tired, or not, there was no way I was going to stick around for Egon's return. There are Class nine demons and there's Janine in a bad mood. Noooo contest!

Hawthorth Mansions is a sprawling, Victorian place covered in ivy. If it wasn't haunted, I thought, it deserved to be. At the local gas station, the owner told me it had belonged to John Hawthorth, who had died years ago. People who had been to the house since had always reported ghostly happenings.

Armed with that information, I pulled into the driveway in ECTO-1, readied my proton gun and walked up to the house. From one of the lower windows, a peculiar greenish glow penetrated the night. Low moans drifted from the same window. I sneaked up to it and looked in. The first thing that struck me was the dust and cobwebs. The crowd of ghosts was no surprise – typical ambling spirits, I thought. Then I noticed an old guy in a high back chair, sitting in front of a ghostly fire, jabbering at them impatiently. It must have been Hawthorth himself. "I don't know why we bother!" he stormed, jabbing the air with a cane. "All these chain-clankings and headless walks. No-one appreciates the work we put in to scare people."

"There was one kid up here last week," moaned an orange coloured ghost with



blue spots, "I jumped out of the letterbox at him and he asked me if I did anything more impressive! If he hadn't wanted to go home for the late movie on television, I don't think he would even have left."

"That's just typical," said the old man ghost, snorting angrily. "Honestly, before very long someone's just going to walk in here shouting 'Here's Freddy!' and scare US more than we scare them!"

"We've got to hit back," said a grandfather clock, suddenly.

"Go on the offensive."

The old ghost jumped up and hit the grandfather clock with his cane, "What are you going to do? *Bong* them out of their wits?" The grandfather clock shuffled off into a corner and started to cry. The old man turned, his eyes blazing. "Just one good scare, that's all I ask, before my ectoplasmic vapours dissipate forever," he sighed.

Call me a bit soft, but that did it. I went to the front door of the house and kicked it open with a terrific crash. "Y-y-y-you're all history, ghosts!" I shouted in my most frightened voice possible. "Freddy's here!"

There was a frantic crashing and thumping from the room the ghosts had been meeting it. I carefully pushed the door open with the end of my proton gun. Nothing in sight – just the grandfather clock, quivering in the corner. "W-w-where are you?" I stuttered. I had scared them! Not what I wanted at all. "B-boo!" screamed a cushion, transforming itself into a pathetic looking Class one free roaming phantom. "Aaaaaaargh!" I shouted and ran out of the room.

"He ran away!" squealed a voice from the ghosts' room. "He actually ran away!"

"Well, what are you waiting for, you numbskulls," shouted Hawthorth. "Let's get after him!" From out of the room came twelve ghosts of various shapes and sizes, led by Hawthorth, waving his cane in the air. I ran up the stairs, screaming. "We're scaring him, we're

scaring him," cackled the ghosts. I kept running – I was tired, but I wanted to make this look good. I soon found a set of back steps and ran down those, then around to the hallway. The ghosts saw me, squealed with delight as I dropped a ghost trap on the floor and stormed down the stairs towards me. "Lights out, human!" they shrieked, as I raised my proton gun, quivering one last time for effect. "N-n-not tt-today," I stammered and fired the gun.

The ghosts were trapped instantly and started to drop into the trap. Hawthorth smiled as he went, laughing insanely. "At least we scared one person!" he said as the trap closed on him with a final snap.



Of course, I wasn't really scared, but it seemed such a shame not to give them some fun before I did my job. I left the grandfather clock there. It wasn't doing any real harm, and who's going to be scared of a clock? Then again, if we busted all the ghosts, we'd be out of a job wouldn't we ... then I would be moaning as much as old man Hawthorth!




# BORIS CARLOFT


During his long and varied life, Boris Carloft transformed many a B movie in-the-making into a full-blown box office smash. He was the very man responsible for special effects in movies such as; "Dracula Has Risen From The Rice Pudding," and "The Beast With More Than The Average Amount Of Fingers"! His work was much in demand until his unfortunate accidental death during a particularly hair-raising stunt

involving twenty gallons of fake blood and a can opener. His spirit returned to haunt the studios of Mr Golding, to wreak revenge on the man responsible for taking credit for his creative genius, but the Ghostbusters managed to placate the riled ghost. This was a smart move, because when it came to the casting of the Ghostbusters' movie, they knew just who to play the role of Mr Stay-Puft!





# DEAD TRUE!

 Can you imagine the horror, dear reader, of discovering an ancient coffin in your very own home? Aargh! Just the thought of such a fate is enough to send chills down the spine of the average person. However, one cannot describe the Sitwell family as being 'average' – on the contrary. Famed for their literary prestige and general eccentricity they loved their gloomy Derbyshire mansion called *Renishaw Hall*, and positively revelled in the fact that it was thought to be haunted.

It was not until Sir George Sitwell decided to improve the house by enlarging the central staircase, that the mysterious coffin was discovered. It was found between the joists of the bedroom floor and it was dated from about the 17th century. The coffin was empty, but certain marks showed

that there had once been a body in it.

After the discovery of the coffin, strange events began to take place in the bedroom where it had previously lain undisturbed. In 1885, the daughter of Archibald Campbell Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was invited to join a house party celebrating Sir George's birthday. In the middle of the night, she was awakened by someone kissing her three times. The kisses were ice cold. The room was empty. After such a frightful experience, nothing would induce her to sleep in the same room ever again.

The following day, Sir George's agent, Mr Turnbull, came to see him about some business, and during the conversation Sir George jokingly told the story of Miss Tait's phantom kisses. Far from being amused, the agent looked terror-struck. Apparently, when Sir George had generously

lent him *Renishaw Hall* for his honeymoon, a friend of the bride had slept in the same bedroom and, she had the same experience!

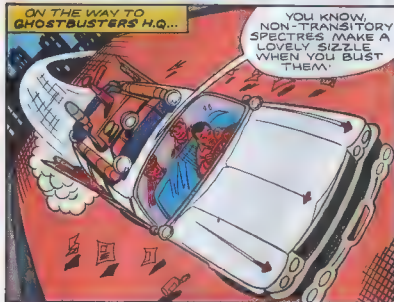
Some years later, Lady Sitwell noticed a figure standing in the passage outside the drawing room. The figure was that of a woman, apparently a servant, with grey hair done up in a bun under a white cap. Her dress was blue with a full dark skirt. She moved with a furtive, gliding motion as though wishing to escape notice, her arms were stretched out in front of her. She moved towards the head of the staircase on which Sir George had worked twenty years before – and then she disappeared.

What happened long ago in that bedroom has never been discovered and the empty coffin has kept its secret ... and who knows what kind of a gruesome secret it is?



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

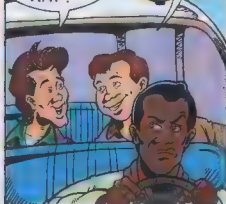
ON THE WAY TO  
GHOSTBUSTERS H.Q...



YOU KNOW, NON-TRANSITORY SPECTRES MAKE A LOVELY SIZZLE WHEN YOU BUST THEM.

THAT JOB'S GIVEN ME AN APPETITE! HOW ABOUT BARBECUE RIBS AND FRIES AT BURGER-A-GO-GO, RAY?

AND A TRIPLE-THICK SHAKE AT DONUT-U-LIKE?



DON'T YOU GUYS EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT JUNK FOOD?

WE LIKE JUNK FOOD, WINSTON!

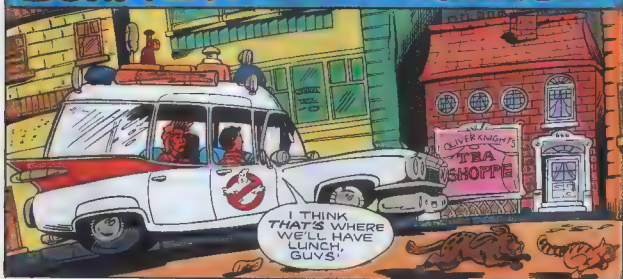


MY IDEA OF FOOD IS THE SORT YOU CAN HIT WITH A TRUCK IN TEXAS!

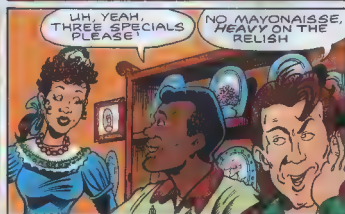
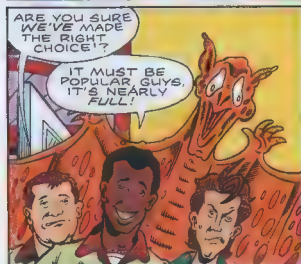


WELL, HABITS ARE ABOUT TO CHANGE!

## BUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. TEA SHOPPE

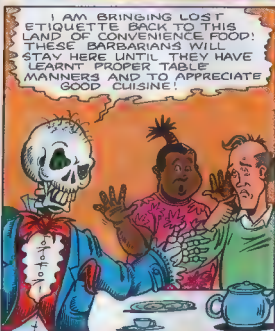
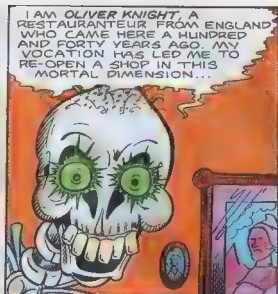
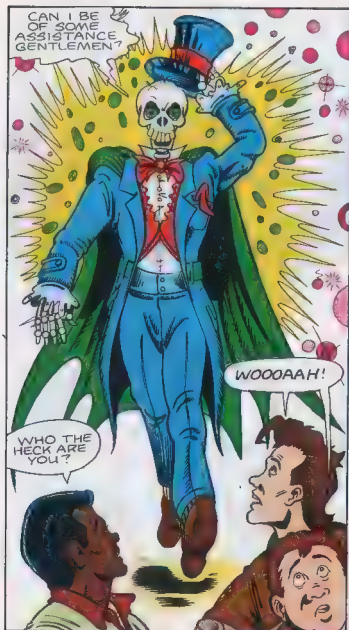


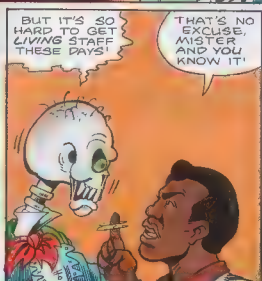
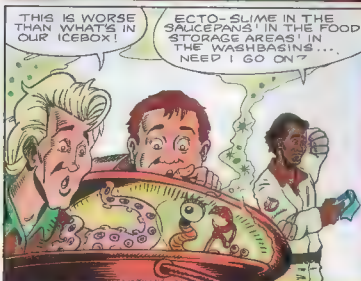
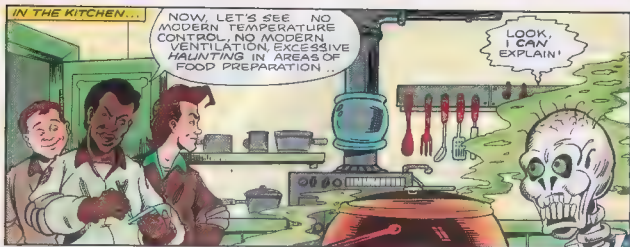
I THINK THAT'S WHERE WE'LL HAVE LUNCH, GUYS!



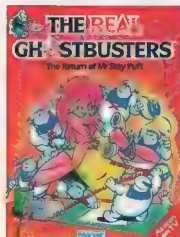








**YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM. . .**  
**YOU'VE BOUGHT THE COMIC. . .**  
**NOW READ THE BOOKS!**

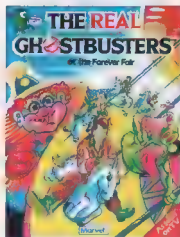
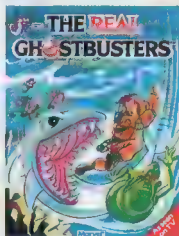


**W**hat would you do if you found hundreds of naughty, miniature Stay Puft men coming up from your toilet? Find out what happens to the Ghostbusters in *THE RETURN OF MR STAY PUFT!*



**I**f you're scared of sharks – imagine how the Ghostbusters felt when they dived

into the sea, knowing that, somewhere, lurking in the depths, there was a giant *GHOSTLY SHARK*.

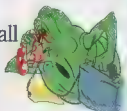


**D**on't go looking in the crazy mirrors at the *FOREVER FAIR* – your face may turn into a monster. Would you dare ride on a ghost-train that was even too realistic for the Ghostbusters?



**W**hen the Ghostbusters are forced to throw Slimer out on the streets, the

lonely, friendless but lovable green ball of gunge soon gets up to mischief in *GOODBYE TO SLIMER*.



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# GHOST WRITING!



Gee, thanks for all your letters, folks. Now that the summer hols are on their way, there's absolutely no excuse to write. What do you mean, you haven't got a pen?

**Dear Peter . . .**

Can you tell me the answer to these questions:

1. Why is it that Winston, Egon and you do all the work and Ray does nothing?
2. Who likes Slimer the best?
3. Why is Slimer green?

— Adam Howell, Sittingbourne

*1. Ooohhhh – character assassination! I don't think Ray will be too pleased when he reads this, Adam. He works very hard indeed, in fact, he has more enthusiasm for the job than I can stomach on a Monday morning. 2. Nobody in their right mind likes Slimer, maybe that's why all the others have a soft spot for him. 3. Why is the sky blue? Maybe it's because he's slightly on the moudly side, who knows?*

As people say, I've got some questions for you:

1. Janine and Ray don't do anything in comic, so Janine could do HQ and Ray could do Dead True!
2. Who is Bambos?
3. Who is Hel?
4. Who is Ilya?
5. Will ECTO-2 be featured in the comic?

— Paul Pring, Leigh

*Thanks for your questions, Paul, as I sometimes say. 1. Janine and Ray do do things in the comic, it's just that they keep very quiet about it. So, they have more than enough to keep them busy. 2. Bambos is a very good friend of ours. 3. Hel? I thought that was the place you were sent to if you weren't a very nice person! 4. Another friend. 5. Could be – you'll have to keep reading to find out!*

I have some questions for you:

1. In **Ghostly Reflections**, how come when Janine picked up the phone she said "Peter, I've just seen something awful in the mirror", but it was Egon on the other end?
  2. Do you really care about Slimer?
  3. What is the Stay-Puft Marshmallow man made of?
- PS: Tell Ray that I like his teddy.

— Bobby Garland, Essex.

*Thanks for your questions, Bobby. 1. Ah, you see Egon and I sound very similar on the phone, so Janine probably thought it was me. I must say. Egon's sense of humour has*

*certainly improved since I bought him that book, **The Fungi Lovers Guide To Being More Than Just Your Average Fun Guy!** 2. Sort of. 3. Errr, could be marshmallow!*

In issue forty-two, there was a free Slimer badge. Did Slimer get one?

— Kristian Shaw, Grimsby

*Slimer got three-hundred-and-thirty-two! Every time we tried to stick one on him – SCHLEP! – It got sucked into his gooey, gunky body! YEUCK!*

Could you tell me why . . .

1. There isn't any **Slime Time** anymore?
  2. Slimer is green?
- Michael Bacon, Walthamstow

*Ah ha! So you noticed, eh, Michael! We just thought a change is as good as a rest and that you'd enjoy reading the gruesome true tales of **Dead True** that appear every week. 2. Hmmm . . . Haven't I heard that one some where before?*

How come when Slimer got out of bed, in issue thirty-nine's **Blimey! It's Slimer!** there was a pair of slippers by the bed? Slimer hasn't got any feet.

— Victoria Fethney, Manchester

*Hmmm, we were waiting for someone to point that out. They were a Christmas present from Janine's Aunt Maud – so, what would you get a ghost for Christmas?*

**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**

BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE  
COOKING, SLIMER?

HOWDY, MINNIE THE MAD CHEF.  
IT'S A SUPER SPECIAL SLIMER  
STEW! YUM! YUM!



WHAT'S IN  
IT?

SECRET SLIMER  
INGRAD... INGROR.  
THINGS! YUP!



ITTY GOTTS STICKS, STONES, SNAKES AND SLUGS!  
BUBBLES, BLOSS, BITS AND BOBS, BADGES AND BUGS!  
NUTS AND BOLTS, HAMMERS, SCREWS AND SPRINGS!  
PLUS LOTS OF NASTY LITTLE GREEN THINGS!  
YUMMY! LIVERLY!



BUT THAT'S NO GOOD, SLIMER.  
YOU SHOULD USE MY NEW  
COOK BOOK! IT'S A BARGAIN  
AT ONLY \$5.95!!



YEEEEEEK!

GOOD IDEA, MINNIE!  
I'LL PUTTY IT IN  
RIGHT AWAY!  
YUM!



Story **BAMBOS** Art and Lettering **BAMBOS** Colouring **CHRIS MATTHEWS**

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## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 226** Rodimus Prime is trapped in a Cybertronian sewer and about to meet his maker at the hands of Death's Head, in Part 2 of *Headhunt*, by Furman and Reed. *Aspects of Evil 4*, by Furman and Sullivan, spotlights everyone's favourite baddy, Megatron. **PLUS** Part Three of *Cross Purposes*, the Action Force story by Hama, McFarlane and Mushynsky.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 57** More ectoplasmic fun this week, as Winston encounters some really un-terrifying spooks in a John Freeman text story. Gasp at the *Terror of the High Teas*, in a Catton, Williamson and Perkins tale, and as if that isn't enough, wonder at the weirdness of *A Wok on The Wild Side*, by Carnell, Williams and Harwood. Dare you miss it?

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 9** After being foiled by Doctor Who, Death's Head finds himself on top of the headquarters of a famous superhero team – The Fantastic Four! Naturally enough, his appearance causes quite a stir, and very soon it's *Clobberin' Time!* Don't miss this epic confrontation, written by Simon Furman and drawn by Geoff Senior.

## DON'T MISS...

☐ **THE SLEEZE BROTHERS 1** A brand new comic from Marvel, featuring the bungling private eyes of the future, *El Ape* and *Deadbeat Sleeze*. This fabulous first issue in a series of six has the madcap pair on their first case, hunting down the brother of a mysterious alien. Featuring a wild and whacky cast of characters, the *Sleeze Brothers* is by Carnell and Lanning – You'd be daft to miss it!

**ON SALE NOW!**